

Make Believe I'm Everywhere by moonflowers

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Summary:

The kids watch The Neverending Story at Steve's house. Billy doesn't want to fling himself out of the window as much as he thought he would.

Make Believe I'm Everywhere

Author's Note:

So I got a couple requests for Dustin to find out next and one for Lucas, and y'know what? Both. Both is good. Because apparently I cannot cool it with the kids finding out about them fics. You don't really *need* to have read the other parts, but they are referenced quite a bit so this'll probably make more sense if you have.

I fucking love The Neverending Story. Came out in July 84 apparently, so I'm assuming it'd be on VHS in 85. I took the title from the theme song, in case the cheese level didn't make it obvious enough already. GOD that theme song.

Usually, Steve's parents being away meant that he and Billy could sneak in a night or two to themselves. Actually sleep the whole night through in the same bed, or maybe - if luck was really on his side - have a repeat performance of the time they'd straight up gone at it on the floor in the hallway as soon as he'd walked in the door. No chance of that fucking happening that evening though, because the entire infuriating gang of kids that Steve seemed to have adopted were sprawled out across the sitting room floor, that same spot in the hall which had given Billy considerable carpet burn in perfect view through the doorway. Which... was actually kind of nasty. Or would've been, if Billy didn't happen to know that Mrs Harrington was crazy about redecorating and by chance had since replaced the rug. The new one was pistachio green and ugly as hell, and Billy would've relished the chance to rub his ass sweat all over it, actually. Steve's parents were due back tomorrow, and Billy was practically counting the minutes until they could drop the kids home and have a little time to themselves.

"*Shut up* Lucas, this is a great part."

"Yeah? Then stop bitching at me and you might be able to hear it better."

"Ow! Don't kick me, asshole."

"The how about you shut the hell up, huh?"

"Oh my God."

The Henderson kid had gotten The Neverending Story on VHS for his birthday, and the whole lot of them had gathered at Steve's house to watch it, just to add insult to the injustice that Steve had offered to babysit the dorks and Billy wouldn't be able to shove his tongue in his mouth for another few hours.

It was obvious the kids weren't all that happy about Billy being there either, which honestly, Billy kind of enjoyed - he'd lost a little bit of his scare factor when he'd straightened things out with them all, after all the shit that'd gone down last November. He felt even more genuinely bad about it since he'd found out exactly what it was they were all hiding from in the Byers' house, though most of the kids still weren't aware he knew about those demodog sons of bitches. But what with his apology, and the little dweebs knowing he and Steve were 'friends' was enough for them to suck it up and deal, apparently.

"What?"

Henderson was staring at him again. Billy'd caught him watching a couple of times, head tilted to the side like he was trying to weigh him up or something. He'd held himself back from saying anything, but he'd caught the kid giving him the stink eye one time too many for him to let it slide anymore.

"Nothing." The kid only narrowed his eyes before turning back to the TV. It was obvious he wasn't really okay with Billy being there, but he guessed he was just being civil for Harrington's sake.

The Byers kid and Max knew about him and Steve, which alright he wasn't wild about, but at least there were no distrustful little looks from either of them. Although, he couldn't help but notice little Byers looking a touch shifty about something. He'd never admit it, but he was actually kind of worried - the kid didn't have a great track record when it came to weird shit, according to all Steve had told him. But any apprehension vanished, when he noticed his fidgeting seemed to coincide with whenever the movie's hero came on screen. Damn,

Billy couldn't help but smile a little at that.

"What's up?"

Steve spoke in his ear, low enough that the kids probably wouldn't hear over the movie. He smelt of hairspray, and sugary fake fruit from the candy he'd eaten more of than the kids had. They were sitting close on the couch; not enough to look overly cosy if one of the kids happened to glance over at them, but enough that their hands touched on the pillows, enough for Billy to palm Steve's ass once or twice while pretending to shift in his seat.

Billy shrugged, brushed his fingers real quick over the back of Steve's hand. "The movie's better than I remember."

And it was true - he actually did enjoy the rest of the movie. Though he couldn't quite help himself from stirring things, made a comment once or twice just to be a dick, and one of the kids would glare at him, he'd flip them off, Steve would snort and elbow him in the side. But it wasn't uncomfortable, it wasn't tense. The losers weren't happy about him being there, sure, but they weren't exactly upset about it either. Which should have made Billy want to fling himself out of the window, but, annoyingly, it didn't. Shit, what was he becoming? *Sweet*, said a voice that sounded a little like Steve and, disturbingly, a little like Mrs Byers, in the back of his head. Shit.

"Well, that was cool," Steve said once the movie was done, stretching his arms up above his head as his shoulder cracked, pale strip of skin showing above his jeans as the hem of his shirt rode up. For the 800th time, Billy was mad they were stuck in a roomful of kids and he couldn't just lick whichever part of Steve took his fancy. "I mean, the whole thing was pretty much lost on me, but it was cool."

"You mean you never saw it?" Henderson was looking at Steve in horror, like he'd just taken the VHS and thrown it out the window.

"Um, no?" Steve said. "Why would I?"

"Come on Harrington, even I saw it," Billy rolled his eyes and flopped deeper into the couch cushions.

"You did?"

"Yeah," Billy said, attention dropping to where Max was sitting on the carpet, watching him. "I took Maxine." It had been one of those sort of okay days the two of them had spent together, before everything had gone to shit and they'd had to move. "Is that okay with all of you? Jesus."

As though he could somehow sense the conversation was veering into dangerous territory - which Billy wouldn't have been surprised about, the kid had those weird, otherworldly vibes going on sometimes - Will spoke up. "I," he started hesitantly, quiet, "I liked Atreyu the best."

"Yeah," the Wheeler kid seemed fucking delighted to have the conversation turn away from Billy and back to the movie, "he's pretty cool."

"I liked the big rock guy," Max said, "he was cool too."

"The Rockbiter," said Henderson, "and nope, no way. Falkor is way better. I mean, who wouldn't want a luck dragon?"

Max smoothly ignored him, which left Billy feeling oddly proud. "What about you, Lucas?"

"I don't know about favourites, but Gmork freaked me the hell out," he shuddered theatrically, and the others laughed.

"Any thoughts?" Steve nudged Billy, raised an eyebrow expectantly.

Not that he really cared, but - "Sinclair's right, that wolf thing was freaky as fuck." Then, without thinking, "those fucking demodogs kinda stay with you, huh."

There was a moment of silence where Billy hadn't realised the significance of what he'd said, before the kids all exploded and started talking over each other. Great.

"You told him?" Wheeler bellowed at Steve, all self-righteous pre-teen anger.

"No, I - " Steve barely had a second to defend himself before Wheeler was back on his case.

"This is why I didn't want him to have anything to do with the party," he turned to the other kids, mad as hell, but also looking sort of satisfied he was right. Was that kid always mad at everybody, or were they just lucky? "I knew he'd ruin it!"

"Wait, whoa," Henderson jumped in to Steve's defence, which won him a few points in Billy's favour. "We voted on it Mike, you said yes."

"Yeah, well, maybe I shouldn't have," Wheeler said sulkily, glaring at both boys on the sofa.

"He's right though," Sinclair said, though he actually looking a little apologetic about it. Weird. "Party rules. He shouldn't have told."

"He didn't - " little Byers tried to cut in, bless his heart.

"Maybe he didn't tell?" Henderson said, although he sounded like he didn't completely believe it. "Right, Steve?"

"Actually yeah," Steve said, looking stonily at Wheeler, "I - "

"He didn't tell," Max interrupted, looking fierce, "Billy found out by accident."

Another moment of terrible silence before the boys rounded on Max. Billy was starting to wish he had popcorn to go with his front row seat to all their overdone dramatics. If they were always like this, it gave him another level of understanding as to why Steve had always used to look so tired - spitting angry, squabbling teens on top of demodogs sounded like a fucking headache. He didn't even like popcorn all that much.

"You knew?!" Wheeler yelled at her. Honestly, Billy was about two seconds from dumping the bowl of Skittles over his head if he was going to start on Max too. This kid needed to fucking cool it, and coming from Billy, that was a lot.

"Yes," Max said hotly, going a little red in the face, "Steve brought

him over after - "

"Steve again," Sinclair shook his head. "I'm sorry man, but I'm starting to think it kind of was your fault."

"It wasn't," the Byers kid said quietly, and by some miracle the others actually heard him, "Max is right, Billy found out by accident."

"You knew about this too?" Wheeler rounded on him, but if anything it made Byers look more determined.

"Oh shit what are we going to do," Henderson said, though Billy had a feeling it was more to himself than anyone else, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus..." Wow, they sure were great at blowing everything out of proportion. So Billy knew they snuck off to fight monsters in their spare time, who the fuck was he going to tell, and who the fuck would ever believe him? And he wasn't about to drop Steve in the shit like that either. Not that most of the kids could know that.

"Why didn't you guys tell us?" Sinclair said to Max and Byers, looking hurt, though Billy guessed that was more meant for Maxine.

"Because it wasn't important," Byers said, "and I knew you'd be mad."

"Yeah," Wheeler said, still looking grumpy. "But I'm mad at them though," he jerked his head at Steve and Billy, "not you."

"Hey, that's not fair," Steve said, and apparently he'd finally had enough of just sitting by and listening to the nerds argue about him. He leant forward and grabbed at Billy's shirt to tug it to the side, and just for a second Billy thought he was going to kiss him, had a fleeting thought of *whoa, calm the fuck down Harrington there are kids here*, before he realised what he was doing. He pulled Billy's shirt down to expose his collar bone, his shoulder, and the small, pinkish puckered marks of the healed over 'dog bite. "He got that saving me, you assholes." Steve looked actually angry now, mouth twisted unhappily and nostrils flared. "Max happened to be there when I patched him up, okay? It's not her fault they live in the same house, Jesus. And that night there was a pack of straggler demodogs up at the quarry? We were hanging out up there when you radioed code orange or whatever - "

"It was purple Steve," Henderson interrupted, "*code purple*. Orange is for - "

"Whatever. That's when he found out. He saved my ass then too, took me to Mrs Byers so she could fix me up, and we asked Will not to blab," he nodded to Will, who smiled faintly in thanks. "So quit your bitching."

The three boys seemed to communicate something to each other with their own weird nerd body language, because none of them said a word, but all three turned to look at him, unimpressed but resigned.

"Alright," Wheeler said, "I guess it was nobody's fault." That was the equivalent of a goddamn parade coming from this kid, so Billy'd take it.

"Maybe he isn't so bad as he used to be," said Sinclair.

"And he's pretty built," added Henderson, "so he might come in handy if we need some bad guys... y'know," he made a slicing motion across his throat. Billy snorted.

"Yeah," Max said, relief evident in the way her shoulders slumped a little, her smile easy, "and he's just about as bad tempered as a demodog first thing in the morning - those things might have finally met their match."

He could see Steve biting his tongue to stop himself agreeing out loud, because wouldn't that be a fun conversation, and made sure to hurl some mean and only half serious jab at Max before Steve could blurt out something dumb. It must have lacked bite though, because Max only laughed and the rest rolled their eyes.

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It was dark by the time the older Byers and Wheeler came by to pick up their siblings, which Billy strove to make as uncomfortable for the pair of them as possible - he might be nicer, but he still wasn't nice. He'd have loved to have stuck his hand down Steve's back pocket or licked his cheek or something, just to watch Byers squirm and

Wheeler gaped in shock; probably would have, if he and Steve weren't actually a thing. But they were, and as fun as it might have been, he wasn't stupid enough to risk it for a quick laugh. It was too close to the mark. They were gone again with only minimum needling from Billy and huffing from Steve, leaving three kids for them to drop home.

The three leftover kids were chatting about... whatever the fuck they were chatting about, Billy didn't really care, and mostly ignoring the two of them. But for appearances sake, just in case one of them was listening in, he asked Steve out loud if he could talk to him in the kitchen.

"Uh, sure," he said, sloped around the corner into the kitchen with Billy hot on his heels. "What's up?"

"I saw you."

Steve blinked. "Saw me what?"

"Looking. When they were talking about that kid's mom, in the movie." He'd noticed Steve giving him what where obviously meant to be discreet but were absolutely fucking not little worried looks when the actors talked about the kid in the movie's dead mom. Billy's mom - she wasn't something they'd talked about much. There was no point denying things between the two of them were getting pretty hot and heavy, Billy'd long since given that up, but it was still a talk he wasn't quite ready for. "I don't wanna talk about it," he said, "not yet. But I promise I'll let you know when I do, yeah?"

Steve's momentarily panicked look fluttered to something softer, something that made Billy kind of want to punch something, kind of want to close his eyes and curl up into him and never leave. "Thanks. I appreciate that." They'd come a long way from throwing insults at each other across the hall, fuck. "I mean it," Steve said, drew in closer to give Billy a sweet little kiss thank you. But as soon as he felt Steve's mouth shift under his, lips dry and tasting over-sweet with Skittles, he didn't want to let him go without a little more.

"I got this, gorgeous," he kissed Steve a little harder, crowded him up against the kitchen counter.

"Jesus Christ," Steve breathed, sucked in a sharp breath when the small of his back met the counter top, "there's kids in the next room dickhead. Like there's not even a door, shit." But he laughed all the same when Billy ducked to kiss his neck, low and quiet and happy and halfheartedly batting him away, hands gripping at Billy's wrists to pull him closer rather than push him off. Billy didn't stop, because clearly Steve didn't want him to, and where would the fun be in that anyway? He could practically see the moment Steve accepted the challenge, face settling into a smug little smile he was trying and failing to keep in check.

"Fine," he said, loosened his grip on Billy's arms, and Billy eased up a little in response. Which was a big fucking mistake, because in a blink Steve had them flipped so that he was pinning Billy to the counter instead.

Billy blinked up at him, surprised at the manoeuvre and delighted Steve still wasn't afraid to pull that kind of shit with him, breath coming a little quicker. "Shit."

"I win, big guy," Steve said, smirking unbearably now, sneaking a hand up Billy's shirt, cool fingertips pressed firm on Billy's sides just to make his point. Or that's what Billy might have thought, if he didn't happen to know that Steve had a thing about touching up his chest. Though anyone with half a brain would want to feel up Billy's chest - it was a fucking work of art.

"Y'know what sweetheart, I don't even think I mind." Billy didn't exactly feel like he'd lost, to be honest, pressed up against the Harrington's spotless counter with an armful of King Steve himself, looking down at Billy like he might just eat him up, if he was good. Later on of course, when there wasn't a bunch of kids still lingering in the next room.

"You know what that is, Hargrove?"

"No," Billy craned his neck up to nip gently at Steve's ear, "what is it, baby?"

"Growth."

"You're lucky you're pretty."

"Mm. Just wait 'til - "

"Oh my God!"

Henderson's scandalised shout broke through Billy's pleasant, Steve-fuelled haze. He jumped a little, couldn't help it, and sighed at the utter fucking disaster the next few minutes were probably going to be. Steve wilted against him and dropped his hand away from Billy's chest to hide his face in his shoulder.

"Fuck," he mumbled into Billy's shirt.

"Any chance he didn't see us?"

Steve drew back, narrowed his eyes at him. "What?"

"Of course I can see you!" came another outraged yell from Henderson, "shit."

"Thought so," Billy shoved Steve gently away, slapped him on the shoulder, "then we'd better suck it up, pretty boy." God, he really had better shit to do than explain to children why he was letting Steve feel him up in the kitchen, and that no, it wasn't part of some nefarious plan.

"Ugh. Do we have to?"

"What?" Sinclair came running into the kitchen, because of course he fucking did, Max hot on his heels, to stand next to where Henderson had slapped a hand over his eyes in horror. Rude.

"Perfect," Steve groaned, looked heavenward as if something up there might have saved him the conversation Billy knew they were about to have. Good fucking luck there, buddy.

"They were..." Henderson cut himself off, pink in the face as he mulled over the right word, *"canoodling."*

Billy couldn't hold back the snort of laughter that escaped him at that. Jesus.

"What?" Sinclair looked about ready to call bullshit. "Are you high?"

"No!" Henderson countered, mouth gaping and offended, "I saw them like... feeling each other up and shit. Which by the ways guys, kids in the next room," he shook his head disapprovingly, "not cool."

"Oh my God," Steve said, "you tell me you're not a kid anymore like five times a day, dipshit. And we weren't doing anything, Jesus. Even if we were, it really isn't any of your business, Henderson."

"What? Steve - "

Henderson and Sinclair bickered back and forth with him about it for a bit, and honestly if it weren't so important that they kept what they'd just discovered to themselves in case it somehow travelled all along the Hawkins grapevine and got back around to Billy's dad in which case he'd actually be dead, he'd be fucking bored.

"Did you know?" Sinclair eventually turned to Max, Henderson now covering his ears and shaking his head like it was all a bad dream.

"Yeah," she shrugged unapologetically, though Billy knew her well enough to see the hint of guilt on her face, "he's my brother you guys, I wasn't about to sell him out like that." She shot him a quick, apprehensive look before ploughing on. "His - his dad can't know, okay?"

Billy's breath caught. "Wow, way to air all my dirty laundry in one go Maxine, thanks." But he sent her a quick, almost-smile so she knew he was actually a little bit grateful - glad he didn't have to explain the situation with his dad to these kids who really had no business knowing about it full stop.

"Dude you literally drugged him and then threatened to swing his balls right off, and *this* is where you draw the line?" Henderson threw his hands in the air, the dramatic little shit. "Unbelievable."

"Not the point right now," Sinclair turned to glare at Steve again, "why didn't you tell us you were fraternising with this douchebag?"

Billy was about to take offence at that, and loudly, but Steve interrupted before he could. It was proof of just how much things had

shifted between them that Billy let him. "This is so fucking stupid," he pinched between his eyes. "Look you little shits, this is exactly why we didn't want to say anything just yet. Cut it out, okay."

"Ugh, fine," Henderson said. "Full disclosure, I don't care if you're gay or whatever - "

"Yeah no, actually I'm - "

"I'm just pissed because you didn't tell me," he pointed at him aggressively across the kitchen. "Not cool, man. We're meant to be buddies."

"Fine," Steve huffed, "I'm sorry, okay?" Henderson didn't answer. "Okay?"

"Ugh, yes. Okay."

"Great. You got anything to add, Lucas?"

"No," Sinclair said, "You wanna kiss dudes, you kiss all the dudes you want, I don't care." Wait just a second, Billy wasn't so sure he liked the sound of that. "I just don't get why you've gotta kiss that one." And yeah, the kid was right back in Billy's bad books for that one. He narrowed his eyes at Billy like he was shit on his shoe that he didn't remember stepping in. He'd probably earned that, one way or another.

"Right," Steve stepped in before Billy could say anything, "now that's settled, you little shits get in the car so we can take you home." No one moved, just looked at him, until Steve actually *clapped his fucking hands* and pointed at the door. "Go!"

They all huffed and rolled their eyes but did as he said, and trooped off into the hall, Henderson shooting him one last shifty look before he rounded the corner.

"If I'd known you came with so much baggage Harrington, I might not have put so much effort into gettin' into your pants."

Steve groaned, but he was smiling as he looped his arms around Billy's neck. "You know that out of all the baggage I've got, the kids are the fucking least of it."

Billy hummed, pretended to think about it as he linked at hands at the small of Steve's back. "Yeah. I mean, I'd probably take a demodog over the Wheeler kid though."

"Come on," Steve pulled away, made to follow the kids out to the Camaro. "Sooner we get them home, the sooner we get back here."

"Sure," Billy pushed himself away from the counter. "One question though."

"Yeah?"

"Can I suck you off in the hall later? I really fuckin' hate that rug."

Author's Note:

Yeah, I'm aware this is kinda similar to my last fic, but I'd planned this one ages ago and it was just sort of bad timing.

Next part will be a summer fic ;)